

## MURDERER KOERNER LONGS FOR THE CHAIR.

Asks for a Speedy Trial and  
the Shortest Road to  
Electric Death.

Knew of His Crime Only When  
He Had Read of It in  
the Newspapers.

Tells in the Tombs How Failure in Art  
Made His Love for Rose Red-  
gate Seem Hopeless.

FELT SOMETHING SNAP IN HIS HEAD.

Then Headaches and Morbid Thoughts  
Crazed Him, but Only Suicide Was  
in His Mind When He Sought  
His Sweetheart.

William J. Koerner, the artist, who killed  
his sweetheart, Rose Redgate, Wednesday  
evening, is the latest addition to the list  
of New York murderers who plead ig-  
norance of their crimes. He still insists  
that he does not remember the tragedy;

river. I wasn't thinking of anything in particular, when I seemed to feel something snap in my head. I was seized with a terrible pain right over the eyes. At the same time there came to me a thought that there is not much in life anyhow. I saw but little ahead for me. However, when I got to this side of the bridge these thoughts left me. I went to a drug store and bought five grains of phenacetine, which I took to relieve my headache. Shortly afterward I took five grains more and the headache disappeared.

"It has been nothing but those headaches and those morbid thoughts with me ever since. Whenever I met Rose I would tell her about my condition and she would advise me to beat up and be brave. She was sick, physically and mentally, but she never complained. I wish I had been as brave as she."

"Now I will tell you something I never told a living soul before, not even Rose. The sight of my left eye is completely destroyed. Since the day I felt that snap in my head the first time my left eye gradually became useless. I realized it, but tried to think that I might get along with one eye. But I could not. When I tried to make pictures my right eye would burn as though on fire. For a time I tried reportorial work, but I found my faculties were deserting me. I could not remember the simplest interview. It sent out on a story I could not put the facts together when I got back to the office. This affliction, in addition to the moroseness brought on by the thought that I could not marry Rose, and that her health like mine was not good, made life a series of hours in hell for me. Is it any wonder I wanted to end it?"

**Half Crazy of Late.**

"In the past two weeks I have been half crazy. All the time it seemed as though my head would burst. My eyes seemed to be starting out of my sockets. When I tried to sleep I would think of Rose. Many a night I cried myself to a sleep that was a succession of horrible dreams. I drank whiskey, took phenacetine and thought of killing myself. Ten days ago I had a long talk with Rose. She was bright and cheerful; I was more gloomy than usual. She

the back of the neck with a club. Again I experienced that snap in my head. I started me wrong that day on the bridge. My headache cleared away, and I tried to think. But I could not remember shooting Rose. I do not remember it now. I know she is happy, because she was so good and sweet and pure, and I don't want to live. The sooner I go the better, now that she is gone. If I had killed a man I would not mind so much."

Koerner is a young man of the type that makes a good citizen if he is brought up somewhere in his career with a round turn and made to stop dreaming. He was essentially a dreamer. Among his friends he had the reputation of being a most fluent liar. He was full of schemes and

**Is I Had Killed Some One Else I might want to Live Now She Is Gone. I want To Die.**



**The Ring Miss Redgate Gave Him.**

**Who Could Find It In His Heart To Hurt A Girl Like That?**

**How Could I want to Live When She Is Gone?**

**It Was This Way. I used To Get The Drug on a Doctor's Prescription. I Would Take 5 Grs. For a Dose. Thus I saved Up The 40 Grains.**

**I Feared Blindness, That, And The Queer Feelings In My Head, And My Hard Luck, Made Me Want To Die.**

**Artist Koerner's Story.**

Rose Redgate's slayer tells in the Tombs of their mutual love and the obstacles in its path. He says failures in his work as an artist and a reporter made him despair of ever making her his wife. Desperation and the use of drugs followed. Then came a sudden cerebral disturbance, followed by partial blindness, and since then morbid thoughts possessed him, culminating in a determination to commit suicide, which was in his mind when the murder, of which he remembers nothing, occurred.

that he had intended to kill himself and hunted up the girl to say good-by to her. When he found, yesterday morning, that he had shot the girl he loved he betrayed no great grief. He asked that he be convicted of murder as soon as possible, and volunteered his assistance in making a good case against himself.

Koerner spent the night in the West Twentieth Street Station. Under the influence of a dose of bromide of potassium he slept until far into the morning, when he was awakened to be taken to Jefferson Market Court.

After being told that he need not make any statement that might be used against him, he said he could not remember killing the girl, but was willing to suffer for his crime.

"Let my trial be speedy," he asked. "I will assist the prosecution all I can. The road to the electric chair can't be too short to suit me."

Coroner Fitzpatrick set the inquest for Friday, October 2. Koerner made a statement concerning his movements on Monday and the cause of his crime in his cell in the Tombs. He said:

## WOMAN BLAMED FOR BANK CLERK'S LOSS.

Charged with Having Profited  
Through His Big  
Blunder.

Paying Teller Gave Somebody  
\$2,500 on a Check That  
Called for \$25 Only.

Then He Bethought Himself That Mrs.  
Mary Moore Might Have Been  
the Beneficiary.

PROVED TO BE A POOR GUESS.

The Woman Was Arrested, Promptly Estab-  
lished Her Innocence, and Will Sue  
the Emigrant Savings Bank  
for Damages.

Some one has \$2,475 belonging to the  
Emigrant Industrial Savings Bank. If  
that person will return the amount a favor  
will be conferred not only upon the bank,  
but upon an assistant paying teller, named  
John J. Brennan, who is now personally  
held responsible for the loss, and will have  
to make good the sum which is missing.

The loss was not discovered by the bank until the institution had closed on Monday night. Then the methods they took to recover the money were as unusual as was the way in which it was lost. Mrs. Mary Moore was arrested on a charge of grand larceny, the teller swearing that he had paid her \$2,500 instead of \$25, which her cash slip called for, and which she had intended to draw.

On this charge Mrs. Moore was arraigned in the Centre Street Police Court yesterday morning. After a brief examination, however, she was discharged, as there was no evidence to show she had received the money or knew anything about it. As a result of her arrest and appearance in court, Mrs. Moore is now preparing to bring suit for heavy damages for false arrest.

The mistake by which the money was paid out was made last Monday, while Assistant Teller Brennan was acting in the absence of the regular teller. When he made up his accounts after the business of the day was over, he discovered that he was short in cash balance just \$2,500. A careful examination was made of the books, but there was no clerical error to balance the deficit. Then Mr. Brennan concluded that he had paid out the money by mistake to some one who had been in to draw a smaller amount. After reaching this conclusion the books were again examined to see who this person could be. Then it was decided by the assistant that he had given the money to Mrs. Moore, who lives at No. 347 West Sixteenth street.

**Unpleasant Surprise for Mrs. Moore.**  
Accompanied by one of the officials of the bank, Mr. Brennan went to Mrs. Moore's home and told her of his error, at the same time saying that he was sure that he had given the money to her. She denied this, and said that he had given her the exact sum—\$25—which her slip had called for. In proof of her assertion, she showed what remained of the money. This was in the bills which had been given her at the bank, with the exception of one which had been changed in the purchase of medicine.

Mrs. Moore thought this ended the matter and paid no more attention to it. She was very greatly surprised, therefore, when early yesterday morning Detective-Sergeant Caff rapped at her door and produced a warrant charging her with grand larceny. She was at once taken to the police court, where Brennan was on hand to prosecute. Mrs. Moore had no one to defend her or advise her what to do, until Thomas P. Dineen took an interest in the case and volunteered his services.

Then Brennan was sworn and told his story. The money had been accidentally paid out by him, he said, in mistake for \$25, and he was sure that no one save Mrs. Moore could have received the sum. The second time Mrs. Moore had been drawn was in the name of her husband, but as he is an invalid and unable to leave his bed, she said, it was this slip which he had given to her. Each time before she starts, Mrs. Moore makes out an order slip for the sum desired, and signs his name to it. It was one of these slips that Mrs. Moore had presented on the day in question, and it was this slip which Mr. Brennan said made all the trouble, for, he said, Mr. Moore made the figures of the sum desired so large and prominent that the clerks denoting the cents were almost unnoticeable. This fact, Mr. Brennan said, must have led him to make the mistake when, for a moment, he was not paying as close attention to his work as ordinarily.

**Filmy Case Against the Woman.**  
Brennan was unable to swear positively that he had given the money to Mrs. Moore. He had, however, one witness by whom he hoped to substantiate his story. This was Mrs. Redeko, of Fort Lee, who had been waiting upon him immediately before Mrs. Moore. Mrs. Redeko said that she had drawn \$200, and was standing at the counter counting the money when she heard the woman behind her ask for \$2,500. "I remembered the incident," said Mrs. Redeko, "because the sum was such a large one, and I thought the amount I had drawn was big."

Mrs. Redeko was unable to identify Mrs. Moore as the woman who had drawn the money. That was all the evidence Mr. Brennan had, and Mrs. Moore was at once discharged.

"There is no evidence whatever," said Magistrate Wentworth, "that Mrs. Moore received the money. In fact there is every presumption that she did not. She is a woman unaccustomed to handling large sums of money, and would hardly doubt have shown some sign of surprise if she had been given \$2,500 instead of the sum for which she asked. Besides this, Mr. Brennan had before him a slip on which was written the sum to which she was entitled, and in addition had before him her bankbook, which showed that the balance was only a small fraction of the larger sum."

Both Mrs. Moore and her husband are indignant at the action of the bank in causing her arrest. Mr. Moore is a spice miller, but has been in the navy for months, and since June has been confined to his bed. He served in the navy for two years and was discharged on account of a disability, for which he now draws a pension.

"My husband made out the check, as usual," said Mrs. Moore, "and I went down to the bank. There were only two or three persons in line when I asked for my money. The teller gave me the \$25 and put the bills into the bankbook before he passed it out to me. Then I came straight home and stopped at my drug store, where I bought some medicine and changed a \$5 bill. I had been at home some time when Mr. Brennan called. Another officer of the bank was with him. Mr. Brennan seemed greatly worried, and said that he had made a serious mistake. He said he had given me \$2,500 instead of \$25. I was never so surprised in my life as when he said that. I told him that I did not want the money, and I never saw a \$1,000 bill in my life. I got the bankbook and pointed out

the entry in it, which showed that I had drawn \$25. Then I showed him the money I had left, all but one bill of which was just as he had given them to me at the bank."

**Detective Sure She Wouldn't Run Away.**

"My husband and I talked it over, but did not think much about it until the next morning, when the detective came with a warrant for my arrest on a charge of stealing the money. I was indignant, but I had to go to the court. The detective said that he had been ordered to arrest me the night before, but had not done so, as he had been sure that I would not run away. I got one of the neighbors to look after my husband while I was away, and went with the detective. When the lawyer questioned the bank teller, he admitted that I was the only one to whom he had paid \$25 that day. He said he had paid the same sum to a man, but that he knew the man well. He admitted, too, that he had been to see other people in the hope that he might have given the money to them by mistake. I remember while I was waiting for my money I heard some one ask for big bills. Who it was I do not know, as I paid no attention to the matter."

The officials of the bank are unable to account for the mistake, except that Brennan paid out the money while not thinking of what he was doing. The system of drawing money in use at the bank was devised for the purpose of preventing such mistakes, and the bank officials say that only gross carelessness can cause one. "With all our safeguards," said Comptroller Ledwith, "it could only have been by carelessness on Brennan's part that the error was made. As it is, the bank will lose nothing, as he is under bonds more than sufficient to cover the sum lost. It is a hard blow to him, and we feel sorry for him, as he has been in our employ since a boy."

Because she was going to get married is the reason Mary Klingbell, a German servant girl, gives for stealing \$300 worth of jewelry and clothing from the Washington apartment house, One Hundred and Twenty-second street and Seventh avenue. The police do not believe this story. They think she has companions who work on the outside, while she, under the guise of a domestic, gets the entre of the house.

The Washington is a fashionable apartment house. Mrs. George Williams employed Mary Klingbell as a servant. After a while handkerchiefs and small items were missed and finally jewelry was taken. Other people in the house complained that jewelry and clothing had been taken from their apartments. The stealing continued and no trace of the thief could be found. The police of the West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street Police Station were notified. Detectives Nash and Gallagher were detailed on the case. They questioned all the servants, and something accidentally said by Mary Klingbell made them suspicious of her. They searched her room and found pass keys. When they traced some of the stolen goods the girl broke down and confessed.

She said she had entered the apartments of other tenants in the house with the pass keys. From Mrs. Williams's home she stole about \$150 worth of articles, \$20 worth from W. Ward Damon, and \$70 worth from F. Baxter and Mrs. Minnie Brinkman. In order to complete the case and in hopes of making new developments the detectives had their prisoner remanded.

**STOLE TO GET MARRIED?**

That is the Story Mary Klingbell Tells, but the Police Believe She is One of a Gang of Organized Thieves.

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Because a paying teller of the Emigrant Savings Bank was \$2,475 short in his cash, he jumped to the conclusion that he had overpaid that sum to Mrs. Thomas J. Moore on a check calling for only \$25. He caused the arrest of Mrs. Moore, whose husband is an invalid, and she was taken to court and promptly discharged. Now she will sue the bank.

**Her Kindness Has Brought Her a Fortune.**

Miss Bessie Almy, who has been living with relatives at No. 256 West Forty-third street, has just been notified that she is the heiress to the estate of Jose Martinez, a Cuban sugar planter. Miss Almy had been a friend of Martinez's daughter, and nursed her during her last illness. Then she cared for the father when he was sick. His sons have been killed by the Spaniards, and the old man's property, valued at \$1,500,000, goes to Miss Almy.

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Miss Almy is tall, very pretty, only twenty, and possessed of a wealth of black hair, and dark brown eyes, which might well have marked blood relationship to rich old Jose Martinez, the sugar planter, of Costa del Rux, in the province of Matanzas, Cuba. But Miss Almy is no relative of the old Cuban, who died a fortnight ago and left her property, real and personal, which even the depreciation of war times leaves a solid valuation of \$1,500,000. On the contrary, she is a New York girl, whose good Samaritanism during a recent visit to relatives in Cuba has gained her this substantial and unexpected reward.

Up at Haines's Corners, in the Catskills, Bessie Almy is known to everybody, and so is Mrs. Barran. Years ago one of Bessie's aunts married a Cuban and moved to Costa del Rux, where her husband had large plantations. Miss Bessie has frequently visited her aunt and her cousins, remaining in Cuba many weeks at a time. Adjoining the plantations of her uncle by marriage were those of old Jose Martinez, a Spaniard by birth and a wealthy sugar planter. Old Senor Martinez had two sons and one daughter, the latter some years younger than Miss Almy. The New York girl became fast friends with the little Cuban senorita, and old Jose said they looked like sisters.

The last time Miss Almy visited Costa del Rux, some four months ago, hard times had fallen upon her relatives and friends. The insurgents had repeatedly swept the rich province of Matanzas, and one band, claiming that old Jose was a Government sympathizer, had laid his rich plantations waste. This was a mistake, for both of the Martinez boys were with Gomez. Word came during Miss Almy's stay that the elder had met death in the field. The news was a terrible shock to both the father and the sister. The young girl sickened, and Miss Almy nursed her. In spite of this she died.

Old Jose Martinez then fell ill, and Miss Almy remained at the great sanctor house and nursed him, as she had his daughter. He was convalescent, when one day a band of insurgents, passing through, stopped at the plantation and asked the old man to come out and see if he could identify the body of a young man named Martinez, who had been shot in Morro Castle by the Spaniards as a traitor. He went and gazed upon the dead face of his youngest son.

The old man was sorely stricken, and thus, by the death of all his children, left alone in the world, he sought sanctuary with some friends in Havana. Shortly afterward Miss Almy came back to New York and took a position as cashier in a piano store on Broadway. There it was that the letter of the Spanish lawyers in Havana reached her last Monday, notifying her that she was left the sole heir of old Jose Martinez.

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